

A
LETTER
OUT OF
FRANCE,

From one of the
Duke of Monmouths
SOLDIERS,
To his FRIEND in LONDON.

Pontoise, the first of May, 1672.

With Allowance.



S. F.

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Duke of Monmouth

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A Letter out of France, &c.

My Dear FRIEND,



Et it be no wonder to you, that when I parted from you last, which was when I came into the Duke of *Monmouth's* Regiment, and therein intended for *France*, that I should give you no account of my Intentions, or Proceedings in that Affair. There were many things (which as representations of your ill liking thereof) dissuaded me from making you acquainted therewith: for I taking you as my real Friend, well knew the influence which you had always over me, ever since our first acquaintance; and that your many Arguments (which you knew how well enough to fit up for that purpose) would be Armour of Proof sufficient against all the Weapons I could ever be able to use for my self in that case. These things thus working upon me, made me keep my mind to my self, that as I would not be found openly acting against your will, so what I did do should be without your knowledge. I did it rashly at all adventures, and became a Volunteer in the Duke of *Monmouth's* Regiment: as yet I have no cause to complain, nor in the least to repent, from which I am as far as the East is from the West; and do further resolve, to spend all the remainder of my days in a Souldiers life.

And now, *SIR*, I doubt not but you are desirous to hear something of our Procedure in this our Design into *France*; of which I can inform you as yet but of little, beside what is reported as common amongst us. After our arrival upon the French Shore, we were kindly entertained among the French-men, where we had good Meat, Drink, Lodging, and other accommodations; as also our Coats, Hats, Hoses, Shoes, Musket and Sword, and other Ammunition, according to promise.

We travelled three hundred and odd miles into the Country: during all which way and time, I met not with any so great content in *England*; besides the courtesie and civility of the people, and the Kings allowance; by which as we were wholly free from want, so nothing more could well be desired by persons in our condition. At length we came to a Town called *Pontoise*, where our whole Regiment was compleated, to the number of two thousand and four hundred men at Arms, besides Officers. We were thus

thus compleated on the twenty third of *April* last, being *St. Georges* Day, being Commanded by his Highness *JAMES* Duke of *Monmouth*, under the Conduct and Banner of the King of *France*. The same Day we received Orders from His Highness, to march for the Camp on the 25 of *April* next following, which is now in *Flanders*: the whole bent of all the Kings Forces is against the Dutch, where, unless some strange Providence prevent the Politick designs of this Monarch, it cannot be judged less in reason, but that people, will not only prove really miserable, but rather hazard a Certain destruction: For although it is true, that they may be really strong by Sea; yet their strength there, compared with the English, is no more than a Pigmy to a Gyant: But at Land (whatsoever they may be at Sea) their strength is little, their Souldiers few, and of them the greatest part (as far as I can hear by credible intelligence) very pusillaminous and faint-hearted.

We have no fear nor dispair upon our Spirits, and it is judged it cannot be long before we come to the tryal of our Valour: Impossible it is but that some of us must be cut off; but we doubt not in the general to perform what we undertake, having so truly Noble a Person to be our Commander, and the Encouragement of so great a Prince.

I am at this time in perfect health, and have not had the least sickness since I came into *France*; where I have lived, not only with much freedom and content of mind, besides the pleasantness of the journey; but also hope to live to return again into *England*, with much more satisfaction, than all my Friends were able to give me. I would have given you a larger account, but because of my present occasions and haste, I am forced to be short, and indeed shorter than I would: pray have respect for your Friend, and have me in remembrance in your daily prayers to God Almighty. My love to your self, your wife and family, and to all the rest of my friends in *London*, who enquire after my Welfare.

Your Friend and Servant,

J. F.

F I N I S.
